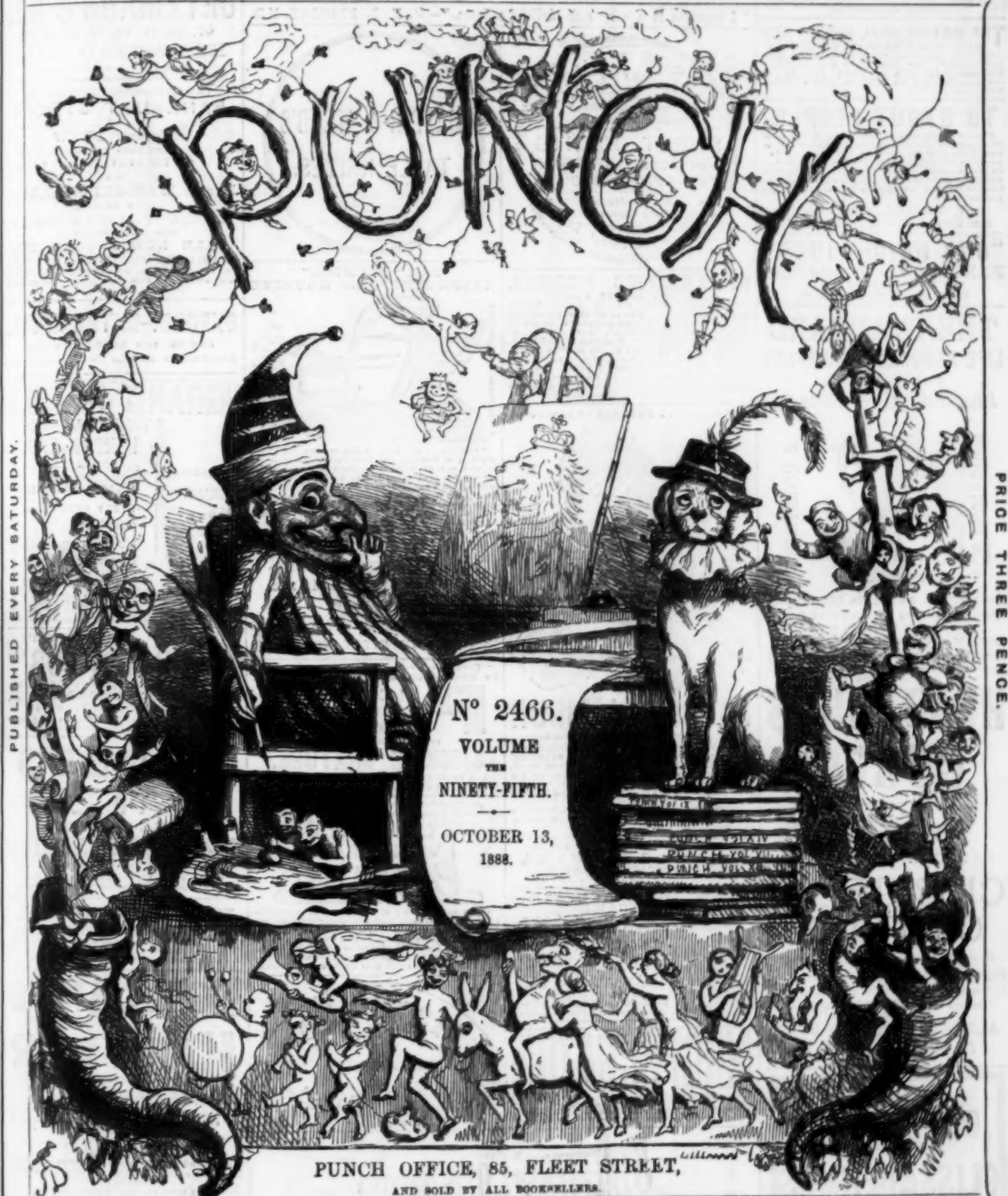


Nearly ready for Publication, in an elegant little Volume, with a Binding of Novel Design.

# THE Dappy Thoughts Birthday Book

Profusely Illustrated from "PUNCH." With Frontispiece Portrait of F. C. BURNARD



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

## Cadbury's Cocoa

Absolutely PURE

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

**TENERIFE AND ITS SIX SATELLITES;**  
Or, The Canary Islands, Past and Present.  
By OLIVIA M. STONE.  
Author of "Norway in June."  
VOL. I.—Tenerife, Palma, Gomera, Hierro;  
VOL. II.—Gran Canaria, Puerto Rico, Lanzarote.  
Each Volume complete in itself, with Maps and  
Illustrations. The Volumes may be bought separately,  
price 3s. each.  
MARCUS WARD & CO., Limited, London,  
Belmont, and New York.

**THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD AND**  
FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE is the  
original and only recognized medium for High-Class  
Introductions. The largest and most successful  
Matrimonial Agency in the World. Price 6d.; in  
envelopes, 4d.—Address Editor, 45, Lamb's Conduit  
Street, London, W.C.

### TO STOUT PEOPLE.

SUNDAY TIMES says—"Mr. Russell's aim is to  
eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treat-  
ment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The  
medicine he prescribes does not lower, nor excite  
the system, nor cause any harm." Book (16 pages) with  
recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure  
Gouty (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.),  
post free 3 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Wetmore House,  
Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

**"OUR NEIGHBOURS."**  
PARTRIDGE & COOPER,  
"THE" STATIONERS,  
102, FLEET STREET.

**THE STANDARD**  
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY  
ESTABLISHED 1825.

Accumulated Fund, £3 Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION



& INVESTMENT

EDINBURGH, 3 George St. (Head Office)  
LONDON, 33 King William Street, E.C.  
8 Pall Mall East, S.W.  
DUBLIN, 68 Upper Backville Street.  
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies

## HEADACHES CURED.

**BISHOP'S**  
GRANULAR EFFERVESCENT  
CITRATE OF  
CAFFEINE.

Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle, of all Chemists.  
Citrate of Caffeine is now recognised  
by the Medical Profession as the safest and  
surest remedy for Sick Headache.

ALFRED BISHOP & SONS,  
48, Spelman Street, E.



**GLISSADERMOS**  
A LUXURY FOR SHAVING  
Without Soap, Water, or Brush.  
Ld. OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, CHEMISTS, &c.  
Wholesale: R. HOVENHED & SONS,  
Barnes St., W., and City Rd., E.C. London.

## FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

"I consider it a very rich delicious Cocoa."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.



### SPEARMAN'S SERGES.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.  
Pure INDIGO DYE. ROYAL NAVY BLUE,  
WOODED BLACK. Also in all other colours and  
FANCY WEAVINGS. Low quotations. No draper  
or tailor sells SPEARMAN'S renowned Serges;  
they can only be obtained direct from SPEARMAN,  
SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH. No material manu-  
factured is so useful for Ladies' Autumn and  
Winter Wear or Gentlemen's Suits. Send for  
patterns, and select at home for yourselves. Parcel  
carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland. Goods  
packed for export at lowest freight.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKIN ENHANCED BY



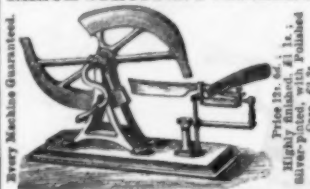
### POUDRE D'AMOUR

(Prepared by FICARD FRERES, Parfumeurs.)  
A Toilet Powder combining every desideratum,  
Hygienic and Cosmétique, for beautifying and softening  
the skin. It will be equally welcomed by oil,  
for imparting a most natural brilliancy to the  
complexion.  
Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant  
for use after shaving.  
In three tints: Blanche for fair skins, Naturelle  
for darker complexions, and Noctel for use by  
artificial light.  
Price 1s. By Post, free from observation, 1s. 3d.  
To be had of all Hairdressers, Chemists, &c.  
Wholesale Depot: R. HOVENHED & SONS,  
31 AND 33, BERNERS STREET, W.  
And 91-93, CITY ROAD, E.C. LONDON.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH  
CAMBRIC  
Pocket Handkerchiefs.  
Samples and Price Lists post-free.  
THEY ARE:—  
Children's 1/6 Hemstitched—  
Ladies' 2/6 Gent's 2/11  
Gent's 2/6 Gent's 4/11  
By Appointment to the Queen  
and Empress of Germany.  
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.  
Telegraphic Ad. "Linen" Belfast.



### THE "PREMIER" RAZOR STROPPING MACHINE



"Tested in every way, on razors keen and razors  
blunt, the machine is perfection. There is no  
trouble, science, or skill involved in its use. You  
merely fix your razor in the holder, edge down-  
wards, turn a handle slowly for a few seconds, and  
behold the weapon is as keen—well, let us say, as a  
razor should be."—EXTRACT OF TESTIMONIAL.  
J. GORDON, Winchester House, Old Broad  
Street, London, E.C.

"A DAILY TREAT."  
**TOWER  
TEA.**  
SOLD IN EVERY TOWN.

"The most sovereign and precious weed that ever  
the earth tendered to the use of man."—Ben Jonson.

**P LLOYD'S  
&  
O**  
THE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT  
SMOKING MIXTURE.  
At all Tobacconists and Stores, in PACKETS ONLY.  
R. LLOYD AND SONS, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.



Get a bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-  
KILLER, the Oldest, Best, and most widely-known  
Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves  
and Cures Severe Colds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises,  
Toothache, Headache, Pains in the Side, Joints,  
and Limbs, and all Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains.  
Any Chemist can supply it at 1/4 and 2/6 per bottle.



**NOTICE.**  
IMPORTANT SALE  
OF  
TWO FURNISHING STOCKS,  
**OETZMANN & CO.,**  
87, 89, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79,  
HAMPSTEAD ROAD  
(NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD).

THE EXTENSIVE PURCHASES OF  
BANKRUPT STOCKS  
OF  
Messrs. BREW  
(late Brew & Clark),  
OF FINSBURY PAVEMENT,  
and  
Messrs. WASSALL of Brighton,  
will be offered at  
UNUSUALLY LARGE DISCOUNTS  
from original cost prices.  
SALE NOW PROCEEDING.  
ILLUSTRATED PARTICULARS POST FREE.  
Selling Cas Fairs from Charing Cross, Eastern  
King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo Stations,  
Regent Circus, and Piccadilly.

**OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL**  
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.



THE BEST SANITARY SOAP.  
**"EUCALYPTUS"**  
Purifies the Skin and beautifies the Complexion.  
WHITAKER & GROSSMITH,  
23, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.  
Is sold of all Vendors, Post-Free direct, and of London  
SNAP (G.O.), 107, New Bond Street.

**CHUBB'S  
SAFES**  
WILL PREVENT  
JEWEL ROBBERIES  
PRICE LIST SENT FREE.  
123, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.  
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

**TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.**  
HOW TO OPEN REMUNERATIVELY from a  
small amount, however small or large. Illustrated  
Catalogue (post free). LESSER FRIDLAND &  
& Co. Limited, London. Established 50 years.

**ROWLAND'S  
KALYDOR**  
is a soothing and emollient preparation for the  
FACE AND HANDS.  
It removes freckles, tan, redness, and roughness of  
the skin caused by the use of hard water or  
exposure to  
**COLD WINDS;**  
soothes and relieves chaps, irritation, and chil-  
blains more effectually than any other preparation.  
**BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN,**  
and produces a pure and delicate complexion. It is  
warranted  
**FREE FROM METALLIC**  
or other poisons, and can be used with impunity on  
the skin of the most delicate lady or child. Also  
4s. 6d. and 6s. 6d., half-gal. bottles, 2s. 6d. Ask  
anywhere for ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.

**STREETERS' GOLDSMITHS**  
INTRODUCERS OF 18 CARAT GOLD JEWELLERY.  
18 NEW BOND ST. W.



## A SHOW OF 'SAVOY FARE.'

IF SHAKESPEARE as librettist, and MOZART as composer, had both come to life again and written the most marvellous opera ever heard



by mortal ears, the Press generally, with the solitary exception of the musical critic of the *Times*, could not have gushed more rapturously, in larger type, and at greater length over such a work, than they did over the latest comic opera by GILBERT and SULLIVAN at the Savoy. Judging by the crisp and epigrammatic title, *The Yeomen of the Guard*; or, *The Merryman and his Maid* (you pay your money, and you take your choice of alternative titles) the librettist seems, up to the last moment, to have been undecided as to what he should call his new and original infant. In "the book of the words" he does not describe it as either serious or comic, simply as an opera, which is wise. I have always contended that "new and original" need not mean new to everybody, and quite original, and I am pleased to see that at last the critics, in dealing with this libretto, are inclined to favour my opinion. But had the opera been at the Savoy Theatre instead of the Savoy Theatre, and written by two unknown collaborators, say SULBERT and GILLIVAN, instead of GILBERT and SULLIVAN, wouldn't the virtuously-indignant critics have been down on the librettist for not informing the public that the plot was founded on that of *Maritana*? The timid novice SULBERT might, perhaps, have attempted to disarm criticism by calling his new and original opera *The Beefeater's Bride*; or, *The Merryman and his Maritana*, and would have humbly admitted his indebtedness to Mr. W. S. GILBERT for the use he had made of the latter's genuinely humorous *Bab Ballad Jester James*. The stern critics would promptly have pointed out that in good old FITZBALL-and-WALLACE's *Maritana*, *Don César* is in prison and condemned to die, and so is *Colonel Fairfax* in *The Beefeater's Bride*; that the *Don* is married in prison to a veiled gipsy dancer, *Maritana*, and the *Colonel* is married in prison to a veiled gipsy dancer, *Elsie Maynard*. "Maynard," the critics would have bitterly exclaimed, "is but a poor English rendering of *Maritana*!" With seathing irony they would have shown how, in the old opera, *Don César* escapes being shot, and returns "all alive O;" while in the new and original work *Colonel Fairfax* escapes being decapitated, and also reappears on the scene. *Don César* enters disguised as a monk; *Colonel Fairfax* comes in as a Beefeater. *Don César* and *Maritana* subsequently fall in love with each other: so do *Colonel Fairfax* and *Elsie Maynard*. *Don César* is pardoned by the King for a very good reason: the *Colonel* is reprieved for no reason at all, except to finish the opera, "a reason," the satirical critic would have added, "sufficiently satisfactory to the audience."

Then some erudite critic would have pointed out to the unfortunate SULBERT that an unknown librettist must not rashly tamper with history in a work intended to be serious, and would have lectured him on the utter improbability of a gipsy girl in all the bravery of an Esmeralda costume (whether accompanied by *Point* as *Gringore* or not) daring to come rattling her tambourine and singing, within the precincts of the terrible Tower in the reign of Bluff King HAL, when Gipsies were harassed, persecuted, hunted out of the kingdom, or strung up on the readiest made gibbet; and directly it was known that the gallant officer who, as a sorcerer, had been languishing in gaol, on being liberated, had married a heathen gipsy (supposing a priest had been found rash enough to commit such a sacrilege), the pair of them would have had short shrift and been burnt as witches; and as *Colonel Fairfax*, had already escaped decapitation, the professional Merryman might then have observed, "Mark you, the *Colonel* did but exchange his chop for a stake. A pretty conceit."

Beyond the above points, there is absolutely no resemblance between the two plots, and though poor SULBERT (without GILLIVAN) would thus have suffered at the hands of the Critical Faculty for daring to claim novelty and originality for his story, yet for Mr. GILBERT, of the firm of GILBERT and SULLIVAN, the critics have nothing but obsequious compliments and good-natured excuses. As to the music, even the sharpest and most hostile ear could not detect a trace of WALLACE in the latest composition of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN. He, at all events, is guiltless of any intrigue with *Maritana*. It is genuine SULLIVAN, and charming throughout, though not, at first hearing, very catching,—which must always be the public test,—with the exception of the duet, repeated with chorus as *Finale*, "I have a

song to sing, O," the first phrase of which I did manage to carry away with me, but while humming it on my road home, I found myself imperceptibly wandering into the "Lullaby" in *Cox and Box*, where I very nearly lost it altogether.

*Dame Carruthers'* first song, "When our gallant Norman Foes" is most effective, and might be in serious opera, were it not for the chorus of Beefeaters. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS is a simpering effeminate *Fairfax*, but sings prettily a ballad about "Moon" and "June," after the Yeomen in a previous "number" have already chorussed about "Noon" and "June." But of course the subject of the weather is inexhaustible, and there are plenty of rhymes still left to "Joon." The part of the *Jester* is a capital skit upon *Touchstone* and the Shakespearean clowns generally, and, with subtle cynicism, Mr. W. S. GILBERT shows how wearisome is the most excellent fooling of these mediæval drolls to the playgoer of to-day. The notion of the *Jester* in search of a place, and being examined by an intending employer as to his capabilities ("My caper-bilities" he would say, and might have executed a short dance as a specimen), struck me as exquisitely humorous when I first read it some years ago (Was it among a second series of *Bab Ballads* in a magazine, or was it a short Christmas story by the same author?), but the idea seems to lose something of its humour on the Stage.

In a week or two, no doubt, *Jester GEORGE* will introduce some of his gaggery-waggery, and when, *à propos* of *Colonel Fairfax* making love to *Elsie*, he has to say something about "lying close as a maggot in a nut," he will add, "But, ifakins, what careth she for a 'nut,' now that she hath the 'Kernel'?" A pretty wit!

Mr. DENNY, as the Gaoler, is very much Mr. DENNY as the rural Policeman in *Dandy Dick*, only with music, and without the dialect. When *Phoebe* (Miss JESSIE BOND, who is, before all, the life and soul of the opera) introduces to him first her lover as her brother, and then afterwards her real brother, and Mr. DENNY exclaims, "Another brother! Are there any more of them?" one really expects him to add, "It's a nice lot of ac-quain-tances you're inter-doosing me to," or something much to that effect, which he used, in similar circumstances, to say to his wife in *PIXERO'S Comedy*.

In the book, Mr. GILBERT has carefully pointed out, using capital letters for the purpose, that the first stanza of his *Anale* is written in "ELEGIACS." This is very considerate, as it directs the critics' attention to a fact that might otherwise have escaped their notice. In old days, the jokes in the books of every Burlesque used to be printed in italics. There was no possibility of anybody passing over a pun. The motive in both cases is much the same.

The fault in the representation is that, with the occasional exception of Miss JESSIE BOND and Miss BRANDHAM—none of the actors play with conviction. They seem uncertain as to the character of the piece,—is it serious, or isn't it? And if it isn't, are they to keep the joke to themselves, or to let the audience into the secret? Mr. GROSSMITH, with an occasional sly wink at the house, seems to incline to the latter view, and no doubt when he has exaggerated his dances, developed his comic business, and made the part quite his own, it will go with roars, especially his contradictory duet with Mr. DENNY, which is clearly founded on the model of the well-known comic song, where the wife pertinaciously insists that something can only be cut with scissors, when the husband obstinately sticks to it that a knife must be used:—

"Cut it with a knife,

Said he,

Cut it with the scissors,

Said she.

(He) Knife, (She) scissors, (He) knife, (She) scissors, &c., &c."

Only that, in this duet, the quarrel is between Mr. DENNY and Mr. GROSSMITH first as to whether somebody was creeping or crawling.

"He was creeping,

He was crawling,

(D.) Creeping, (G.) crawling, &c., &c., &c."

And then they differ as to how the man sank in the moat.—Mr. DENNY says, "like a stone;" Mr. GROSSMITH says, "like a heavy lump of lead;" and then they alternate "lead," "stone," and so forth, which will work up, with comic business, into something very funny, and probably be the hit of the piece. The best serio-comic song, as far as words go, is, to my thinking, the first one sung by the *Jester*. The scenery and the costumes are excellent.

My summary is this:—Cut at least twenty minutes out of the First Act; take a quarter of an hour out of the Second Act, so as to finish by eleven; never let the Beefeaters go off without a dance; induce Mr. TEMPLE to abandon all attempt at playing his part seriously; in fact give every one of them *carte blanche* ("a very D'Oyly-Card task," as the *Jester* would say) to go in for the old larks of *Mikado* & Co., and the Savoyards will feel themselves once more at home, and their kind friends in front will be satisfied with everybody generally at the House of Savoy.

JACK IN THE STALL.

## HORRIBLE LONDON; OR, THE PANDEMONIUM OF POSTERS.



THE Demon set forth in a novel disguise  
(All methods of mischief the master-fiend tries)  
Quoth he, "There's much ill to be wrought through  
the eyes.

I think, without being a boaster,  
I can give their most 'cute Advertisers a start,

And beat them all round at the Bill-sticker's art.  
I will set up in business in Babylon's mart,  
As the new Pandemonium Poster!"  
So he roved the huge city with wallet at waist,  
With a brush, and a stick, and a pot full of paste,  
And there wasn't a wall or a hoarding,

A space in a slum, or a blank  
on a fence,  
A spare square of brick in a  
neighbourhood dense,  
Or a bit of unoccupied  
boarding,  
But there the new poster, who  
didn't much care  
For the menacing legend,  
"Bill-stickers beware!"  
Right soon was tremen-  
dously busy  
With placards portentous in  
purple and blue, (hue,  
Of horrible subject and hideous  
Enough to bemuddle an aéro-  
naut's view,  
And turn the best steeple-  
Jack dizzy.  
Oh, the flamboyant flare of  
those fiendish designs,  
With their sanguine paint-  
splashes and sinister lines!  
Gehenna seemed visibly  
glaring  
In paint from those villainous  
daubs. There were men  
At murderous work in mal-  
odorous den,  
And ghoul-woman grue-  
somesly staring.  
The whole sordid drama of  
murder and guilt,  
The steel that strikes home, and  
the blood that is spilt,  
Was pictured in realist  
colours,  
With emphasis strong on the  
black and the red,  
The fear of the stricken, the  
glare of the dead;  
All dreads and disasters and  
dolors  
That haunt poor Humanity's  
dismallest state,  
The horrors of crime and the  
terrors of fate,  
As conceived by the crudest  
of fancies,  
Were limned on these posters  
in terrible tints,  
In the style of the vilest sen-  
sational prints  
Or the vulgarest penny  
romances.

That Bill-sticker paused in his  
work with a look  
Which betrayed the black dem-  
on, and gleefully shook  
His sides in a spasm of  
laughter.  
Quoth he, with a sinister wag  
of his head,  
"By my horns, the good artist  
has lavished the red!  
This home of coarse horror—  
this house of the dead  
Looks crimson from base-  
ment to rafter.  
How strange that a civilised  
City—ho! ho!  
Tis their fatuous dream to  
consider it so!—  
Which is nothing too lovely at  
best, should bestow  
Such a liberal licence on  
spoilers!  
These mural monstrosities,  
reeking of crime,  
Flaring horribly forth amidst  
squalor and grime,  
Must have an effect which will  
tell in good time  
Upon legions of dull-witted  
toilers.

Taken in through the eyes such suggestions of sin  
A sympathy morbid and monstrous must win  
From the grovelling victims of gloom and bad gin,  
Who gapingly gaze on them daily;  
A fine picture-gallery this for the People!  
Oh, while this endures, spite of School Board and Steeple,  
My work must be going on gaily!"

#### A ROYAL APPARITION.

LAST Friday the *Times* Correspondent at Bucharest, writing about the entertainments given in honour of the Prince of WALES, said—

"In the evening there will be a series of *tableaux vivants* representing scenes from SHAKESPEARE'S works. These have been carefully rehearsed under the superintendence of Queen ELIZABETH."

What better person could they have had as an authority except SHAKESPEARE himself? But how did they get her? Were Spiritualists employed? If this be possible, then it is not unlikely that DRUCIOLANUS is already shaking in his shoes lest Her Majesty, more ruffled than ever, should pay him an unexpected visit at Drury Lane, and insist on superintending a night revival of the *Armada*, with ghostly scenery, costumes, and appointments, and a phantom cast. Only thus would her *manes* be satisfied, and then she herself might be re-hearsed, and conveyed in state to Westminster Abbey, DRUCIOLANUS superintending.

#### In Statu Pupillari.

YOUNG MASTER BALFOUR, without an apology,  
Speaks on philosophy, also theology.  
To listen his Grandmother will not be loth,  
When ARTHUR has learnt just a little of both.

"OLD TOM."—HOLMES at Home, the HOLMES of our Ancestors, in last week's *World*, must have been to a considerable number of persons one of the most interesting of the series. A person, whom the veteran octogenarian TOM HOLMES knew, was acquainted with another person who had received an account of the Great Fire of London from an eye-witness! Fancy that! Such evidence at hand would simplify a large portion of the Historian's labour! A cordial welcome to Old Tom. Plenty of spirit in him yet. His health!



#### A NEW AND AGREEABLE TOY.—THE PARACHUTE.

YOU TIE A BIG STONE TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, AND FLING IT AS HIGH AS YOU CAN. SOMETIMES THE HANDKERCHIEF EXPANDS AND RETARDS THE FALL OF THE STONE—SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T.

#### GOOD-BYE TO THE (CRICKETING) SEASON.

(A Fond Farewell, something in the style of *Proed*, composed at the Oval in October by our Own Old Enthusiast.)

GOOD-BYE to the Season!—"Tis over!  
Favillons no longer are gay;  
Bat, bowler, and leal Cricket-lover,  
Are scattered like M.P.'s away.



The Last Ball of the Season.

WALTER READ bobs no longer his brown end  
At point, watching BANNERMAN'S "shape;"  
GILBERT GRACE has gone home to dear  
Downend,

BOB ABEL is bound for the Cape.  
For want of a fuller enjoyment,  
Till Bat, Ball, and Stumps, can come out,  
At Football a few find employment,  
But Cricket is done, beyond doubt.

Good-bye to the Season!—The weather  
Has bowed at the shrine of St. Gamp;

Wet wickets have sodden the leather,  
And stumps have been pitched in a swamp.  
Chill deluges, varied with thunders,  
The Cricket-crack's "average" queer.  
Bad hits and bad misuses are blunders  
Scarce blamed in so beastly a year.  
There are all sorts of excellent reasons  
All round for the prevalent "duck;"  
So, Good-bye to this wettest of Seasons!  
Its memories are mainly of muck.

Good-bye to the Season!—The chances  
That filled even champions with gloom;  
The rascally tricks and rare dances  
Devised by the demon of doom.  
The "bad hits" that should have been  
"beauties,"

The good ones so palpably "flukes";  
The fielders so slack in their duties,  
The Captains so tart in rebukes;  
The cocksure who dropped bobs and tanners  
On matches like Surrey v. Notts;  
The consequent breaches of manners;  
The subsequent downfall of "pots."

Good-bye to the Season!—the rages  
When second-rate teams came out strong;  
When ABEL—for one—stayed in ages,  
Or READ missed his tip and went wrong;  
When clever and "champion" Surrey  
The Cornstalks thrice tackled in vain—  
Lost twice by bad fortune and flurry,  
And missed winning once through the rain;  
Whilst Gloucester, whom Surrey could  
swallow,  
And Leicester whom Gloucester could eat,  
Both licked the Australians hollow.  
"Good old Surrey" wound up with defeat.

Good-bye to the Season!—the "Terror"  
Who put such a break on the ball;  
Yes, TURNER can bowl, "and no error,"  
And FERRIS makes many sing small.  
But England has no need to fluster;  
She is not deficient in "stars";  
Still, when her best men she can muster,  
She wins in these willowy wars. (killing!)  
There's LOHMANN, how straight and how  
He'll "hold up our end," please the pigs;  
And slashing McDONNELL's scarce willing  
To stand many overs of BRIGGS!

Good-bye to the Season!—A wetter 'un  
Seldom spoiled "place," "pitch," and  
But here's to our evergreen veteran ("pace";  
Still to the front—GILBERT GRACE!  
"The Doctor" stands nominal second,  
But who plays so often as he?  
Still W. G. must be reckoned  
As virtual top of the tree.  
The theme of all Cricket-feed speeches,  
The pet of pavilion and field,  
His pre-eminence no one impeaches,  
To none need our "Champion" yield.

Good-bye to the Season!—Another  
Will come with the coming of May;  
Though the new county boundaries bother,  
The cry of the boys will be "Play!"  
Will it come like this terrible "tryer?"  
Or come very much the reverse?  
Will its scorings be lower or higher?  
Will its weather be better or worse?  
Will it favour the bowler or batter?  
Will it come with dry turf and clear sky,  
Or washy and squashy?—No matter:—  
Good-bye to the Season—good-bye!



## DUE NORTH.

*Shakspearian—Household—Luncheon—Family Party—Mysterious—Pony—Another—Perilous—Down again—Rest—Thankful.*

FROM what I hear of the names of the servants inside and outside the house, such as DUNCAN, DONALD, ROSS, DONALD BLAIN, it appears that, with the exception of *Macduff*, *Banquo*, and the Three Witches, we have pretty nearly the entire cast of *Macbeth*. The part of *Macbeth* is filled by the chief housemaid and housekeeper, whose name is MACBETH. Whether she is MARY, or JENNIE, or EFFIE, I do not know,—and, by the way, what was *Lady Macbeth's* Christian name? Her husband never mentions it, and the only term of endearment by which he addresses her is, "dearest chuck." Why "chuck"? Our MACBETH at the shooting-lodge—a tall, good-looking lass, about thirty or so, a strapping wench with an elegant figure,—would forcibly resent being called a "chuck" by anyone, even if there were a male MACBETH on the premises who had acquired a right to do so. She can walk with the swing of a man, pull stroke or bow in a boat, or scull it single-handed across the lake, if need be; is a good shot with a rifle, can do tailoring or cobbling to perfection,—"odd jobs executed at the shortest possible notice,"—and has a ready eye to the wants and comforts of all the visitors in both departments—the House and the Annexe—of the establishment over which she presides. She is invaluable: and though in the Annexe we do not see much of her, yet it is to her that we have to make known our wants, which, once mentioned, are immediately supplied. In the House itself, on a busy evening, when the sportsmen have come in late, and everybody is, more or less, hurrying up in their dressing for dinner, and everybody has mislaid something, and no one can find anything, then down the passages, from the bachelors' quarters, and from the rooms where the young ladies are, come the reiterated cries, as if they were uttered by the Apparitions that rise out of the Witches' cauldron, of "MACBETH! MACBETH!! MACBETH!!!" And instead of losing her presence of mind, and exclaiming, flurriedly, "Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!" she pleasantly replies in her strong Scotch brogue, "All right, Sir, I'm coming directly!"—and come she does to everybody in turn, and everybody in turn is more than satisfied. A wonderful woman.

There are three young ladies under the care, apparently, of the Good Aunt. I am not introduced, but they all say, as the Wicked Uncle did, "How dee do" to me, at lunch time, and address one another by their Christian names, MILLIE, EVELYN, and the youngest and smallest is MADGE. Who they are, what their surnames may be, whether they are sisters, wives, or cousins belonging to the other guests, I haven't the slightest idea. It seems to be taken for granted in this present company, which is, to all intents and purposes, a family party, that there is no such being as a stranger in existence within these four walls.

"You should have gone out fishing this morning, MILLIE," says the Baron to the young lady.

"She couldn't," replies EVELYN, "as I wanted her to walk out with me."

"Good Aunt," says D. B., "how are you? MADGE, you'll have to march out with the five o'clock tea, if we drive."

"If you're going to drive, I'd rather walk, if I may," says Miss MADGE, appealing to the Laird, "the trap shakes so!"

Whereat there's a laugh all round, and the very young lady colours up and looks frightened. The Laird hastens to the rescue.

"It's not 'driving' in a trap," he explains, smilingly, "the grouse are driven by beaters, while we stand behind butts. I'll show you the butts; you can see them from the window with a good glass."

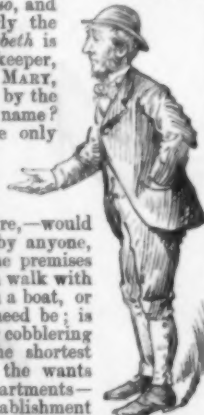
"How on earth should MADGE know your sporting terms?" says the Good Aunt interposing. "It's her first day up here!"

On careful and separate inquiry, I find that none of the party have ever met one another before last week, and the young ladies only arrived yesterday. The people who brought them went away at once. They are "left here till called for."

The talk is all sport: either shooting or fishing. Everyone explains to everyone else why some particularly easy shot "didn't come off," and some one is always saying, "Ah, I oughtn't to have missed that!"

GRANNIE, the fisherman, who, out-of-doors walks about with flies and hooks stuck all over his head, has seen fish rising in every direction. But it appears that, unfortunately, the fish have seen him, and so, though he kept on changing his flies every half hour, and waded up to his middle, yet,

"He did not catch that trout,  
Brave Boys  
He did not catch that trout!"



"How dee do?"

And so he will give the trout a holiday, and go out shooting this afternoon.

It has been pouring with rain. It is pouring now, "And," says the Laird, "we shall have showers all the afternoon."

"Showers" here are, I find, pelting storms which wet you through in a couple of minutes.

"In this rain," says the Baron, walking to the window, "we're sure to put up something on that hill yonder."

*Happy Thought.*—If I go with them, I'm sure to "put up something,"—my umbrella.

"You can have the pony, if you like to ride up to where we're driving," says the Laird to me. On consideration, being fond of air and exercise, I accept. The pony is ordered, and I anticipate a good gallop over the hills and far away, two or three hours' exercise, happy return home, rub down, bath, change, and splendid appetite for dinner.

They start, all the party, except the ladies, and disappear. The ladies melt away and become invisible. I am to join the sportsmen as soon as I like. Of course mounted, I shall easily catch up the infantry, so I tell the youthful gillie, DUNCAN, who comes to inform me "the pony's ready saddled," that I'll start in a quarter of an hour.

I follow the boy to where the pony is. Pony! it is a rough-looking sort of cart-horse, over fifteen hands, with an old saddle, loose girths, and a single snaffle rein that looks as if it would break with the slightest strain. However, I said I would go: and perhaps the "pony" is better than he looks.

In less than five minutes I find he isn't. His pace is a quick slouching walk with rather a nautical roll in it. His head droops heavily, as if he were sadly weary of this sort of life. He is led by the lad DUNCAN, who carries a switch, as if he were a donkey-boy and I was having sixpennorth on the sands: and we are ignominiously following another "pony," which is being personally conducted by an elder gillie. This other pony is also over fifteen hands, and across its back are swung panniers for game, baskets holding five o'clock tea and other provisions, and such a lot of wraps and waterproofs as to suggest the idea of the baggage pony being a "clothes horse." I have no one to say this to, so keep it to myself and appreciate it dismally. It is just as if the sportsmen were the army on active service, and I had been classed among the *impedimenta*. Perhaps, I think to myself, things will be better presently as we go uphill.

*Happy Thought.*—"Speculate for the rise."

Nothing of the sort. The ground gets worse and worse. Each fresh bog is boggier than the last, and the higher we get, the steeper is the climbing, and the more perilous my situation. The elder gillie plods on his way, morose and taciturn. The younger, my Donkey-boy, blithe, but silent. It is a melancholy party; quite funereal. The coats and wraps, slung across first horse, are suggestive of the lifeless body of some one whom we have shot, and whom we are going to bury up in the hills, and I, mounted, am either a prisoner or chief mourner, it doesn't much matter which. The boy gives up leading the cart-horse-pony, and strolls on with the taciturn gillie. I try to engage the elder gillie, from a distance, in conversation, but he won't be engaged. I want to interest him in my own personal safety, so that if anything happened, by which I mean if my horse fell head-foremost into a bog or tumbled down sideways over a narrow ledge,—my knees shudder at the thought,—he, being on friendly terms with me, and living in dim hopes of half-a-crown, would rush to my assistance.

*Happy Thought (of the gillie).* "Speculating for the fall." (My fall.) But gillie senior refuses to be interested; he won't talk, not even of the weather. The youthful gillie, DUNCAN, follows his example so closely that he won't be communicative even to the extent of informing me what sort of day it was yesterday, and what amount of sport they had had the day before that. WILSON BARRETT, with his favourite "How long!" flashes across my mind at several critical moments. "How long" will this saddle remain on the horse? and "How long" shall I remain on the saddle? Till accident us do part.

Elder and younger gillie silent, as if overcome by some great grief, or groaning in spirit against their Saxon oppressors, trudge on, jumping without effort from rock to rock, the elder one jerking the horse's leading-rein, encouraging it to land on sharp projections, and to founder desperately through morasses. I watch the proceedings with fearful interest, knowing that whatever happens to the horse in front of me must, it is ten to one, happen to mine. But the horse in front carries only waterproofs, empty bags, and materials for five o'clock tea, while mine carries me. As we cross a torrent, my horse balancing itself on the pointed tops of rocks which just peep out of the damp moss, and where a slip from any given point must precipitate us into the depths below, I am inclined to whisper nervously in the horse's ear, with a view to inspiring him with confidence, "Remember you carry CÆSAR and his fortunes!" and I heartily wish CÆSAR were anywhere else at this moment.

It is no sort of use attempting to guide the beast. I try to comfort

myself with the reflection that the horse knows the country, and must have been up here any number of times. The circumstances on former occasions may have been totally different, and one circumstance certainly is quite different now, and that is, that this is the first time he has ever travelled across these hills with me on his back,—and, I add to myself most fervently,—it will be the last!

I rode up here for exercise, anticipating an increase of temperature, skin-acting, and everything beneficial for a person with certain gouty tendencies. But here we are, creeping up the mountain's side ("We wandered up the mountain's side"), and I am feeling colder and colder. I would get off and walk if my boots were not too thin for the slosh, and I foresee catching a severe cold. After an hour and a half of this amusement, and catching sight of the shooters only for a moment when they were all too occupied to talk—especially the Wicked Uncle, who is craftily lying in wait for a grouse behind a butt built of peat, like a brigand looking out for the solitary traveller,—I come to the determination that, directly I see anything resembling a road, I will descend and run down it as hard as I can, at the risk of dislocating my ankles, in order to circulate my blood, which must have gone down nearly to zero.

Hoorah! "Thalatta! Thalatta!" I mean The Road! The Road! "Let us take to the Road, Boys!" Highwayman's song in *The Beggar's Opera*. It is not exactly a road, but, when the winter is over, and it is no longer a water-course, it is evidently used as a road by the natives, who must be very easily satisfied. Small rates ought to have been charged for mending this road, and the biggest rate ever known on it is the pace at which I am going down when once fairly started.

To the astonishment of the taciturn gillie and the dismay of DUNCAN the Donkey-boy who had charge of me, I slide off the horse on to the ground, and run. They halloo to me. No—not back again—I wave my hand. They are dumfounded. I feel like a prisoner escaping; and they, as I glance back at them, look as the guardians must have looked, to whose care the historical Royal Personage was entrusted, when he said, "Good-day, Gentlemen!" and their horses being blown, galloped away in the direction of England, Home, and Beauty!

Free! Free! Free! Never again on the fifteen-hand cart-horse-pony for me. Free! Free! Free! Free! Splash

—dash—dash—dash—into the ruck, into the muck, into the water, over the stones, whack, crack, not "down on my back," but going as if I were wearing the seven-

leagued boots, until the grand perspiration effect is produced. I hear the Donkey-boy pursuing. He has been sent after me by the Laird, who, he shouts to me, breathlessly, is very angry with him for leaving me to find my way alone. But, for all his hallooing, I won't stop, and he catches me up by a short cut, and on we go together, panting, until I come to a dead stop in the valley, and am anxious to know the shortest cut to the Lodge, as the rain, which has been threatening proceedings for some time past, is beginning to fall, and, if I get wet in this fever-heat, I tremble for the consequences. The youthful gillie points out the road,—over the meadow, round by the swing-bridge. He will go there by another and a shorter route. *Allez!* On we goes again! He his way, I mine. The big rain-drops become bigger. "Speed thee on, my bonnie Shanks's mare, I have trusted thee many a time before, and will again!"

The last mile is always the longest. Then the swing-bridge—a narrow plank hung on wires—a miniature suspension Hammer-smith, swaying like a slack rope as I cross it cautiously. BLONDIE for ever! The opposite bank of the river is gained! Saved! saved! The rain! "Let it come down." And, as I quote *Macbeth*, MACBETH herself, the ever-vigilant housekeeper, sees me flying past the front-door ("You should see my coat-tails flying!"), and calls out, "Ye'll just be soaked through. I'll send you your hot water,"—and so she does; and in another half-hour I am comfortably seated in an arm-chair before the fire in the smoking-room, with a pipe and the first book I can lay my hand on, just to enjoy a quiet read and rest in the two hours that remain to me before dinner. The library here is not a large one. There are two shilling novels, *Jorrocks's Jaunts*, BRADSHAW's latest publication, and *The New Nunciate Calendar*, illustrated, in two volumes. It is one of these last-mentioned that is now in my hand; and it is this that, an hour afterwards, drops with a bang on the floor, as I wake up and see D. B.'s face at the window, as he cries out,

"Here we are again! How are you?"



"Here we are again!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just finished *Mapleson's Memoirs*. Poor dear Colonel! An "old soldier" of course and yet how ill-used he must have been



Skiping over several Pages.

by everyone. His stories are told with touching simplicity, and many would be highly amusing if the reader could only get rid of the feeling that he is listening to the lamb bleating out how he was shorn, and how the wind, always so difficult to raise, was rarely if ever tempered to his poor back. Pity the sorrows of a poor old Manager, whom Opera brought down to the floor, Who means to come up smiling when he can, And is but looking for just one chance more. It's a wicked and ungrateful world with which the guileless Colonel has had to deal. He cherishes the tenderest memories of his collaborator and whilom principal, the late E. T. SMITH, who was not Policeman X., but an ex-policeman, afterwards Operatic Manager, and perfectly adores the generous and sympathetic *Diva*, formerly La Marquise DE CAUX, now Mme. NICOLINI, and known to all the world as PATTI. If her agreements with other Managers are similar to the one published in Vol. II. of the shorn *Impresario's Memoirs*, then I pity the Operatic Managers. Of course a *Diva* has a natural and inalienable right to do the best for herself she can. There will always be somebody to take up a *Diva* like PATTI, as long as the public, generally but not always, as has been recently proved, will pay high prices to hear a brilliant singer unsupported, in preference to giving a reasonable amount for a good all-round performance. It would be worth while to compare with the Maplesonian Memoirs WILLKET BEALE's recollections, published, I think, some years ago, which told of a time when Operatic artists were a trifle more Bohemian, but infinitely more genial and obliging to their employers.

The Fourth Volume of the MARSHALL and IRVING *Shakspeare* is out. Messrs. MARSHALL and IRVING have constituted themselves into a sort of Editorial Committee, "with power to add to their number;" and consequently several collaborators now appear on the scene whose names were not in the original cast. The notes are useful and interesting, as far as I've been able to dip into them. I anticipate much amusement from the two volumes of Edmund Kean, by FITZGERALD MOLLOY; also from the Autobiography of SIMS REEVES, compiled by him from his own notes. (Sitting down as Author! This is full change for a Tenor! I've another Music-Book on my desk, *Musical Memories*, by Dr. SPARK. This ought to be very light reading. I shall leave the gay SPARK for a while. If the SPARK flickers, he may be revived by a slight puff.

*The Emperor's Diary*, edited by H. W. LUCY, is just out, price one shilling, which isn't much for the Diary of an Emperor. Not the least interesting part of this pocket-volume is the Editor's introductory remarks on the policy of Prince BISMARCK, at the same time that he sympathises with Dr. GEFKEEN, the literary and journalistic gentleman who is now in prison on the charge of having brought the Diary to light. There is a similarity between Herr WON LUCY and Prince BISMARCK, inasmuch as both have taken up a German subject, but in very different style. As BISMARCK has his spies everywhere, I should recommend Herr WON LUCY "to lay low and say nuffin" for some little time, never to go out after dusk, and in the daytime to be carefully and artistically disguised as somebody else, as LILA JOKO for example. BISMARCK is reckless and resolute, and would think nothing of kidnapping Herr WON LUCY and incarcerating him in a dungeon quite near to Dr. GEFKEEN, beneath the Castle Moat.



Eye Opener.

So Mote-n't it  
Be, says the Potentate

Who now has the honour of subscribing himself everybody's most sincerely, the Musical-Political-Artistic-and-Literary

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.



Littery and Artistic.





### A FLAGRANT INJUSTICE.

(The "United Service Unemployed" Club Smoking-Room. Noon.)

BEHOLD A DOZEN HONEST, ENLIGHTENED, AND ABLE-BODIED BRITONS—RETIRED GENERALS AND ADMIRALS, HALF-PAY COLONELS, SUPERANNUATED MAJORS AND CAPTAINS, NOT TO MENTION LEISURED YOUNG GUARDSMEN, ALL IN THE FULL POSSESSION OF THEIR FACULTIES—ALL BORED TO EXTINCTION (EXCEPT THOSE WHO ARE SO FORTUNATE AS TO BE FAST ASLEEP), AND ALL CRUELLY DEBARRED FROM THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVING ON A JURY OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN! WHY?

### LITTLE JEM'S DOOM;

OR, THE PROVIDENT PARENTS' RESOURCE.

(Brief Low-Life Tragedy, produced lately with only too much success on the stage of the Great Metropolitan Theatre.)

ACT I.—A London Slum. Rival Insurance Touts discovered, recommending the advantages of their respective enterprises to the notice of two Provident Parents.

*First Rival Tout* (summing up). Well, there you are. You pays a mere pittance monthly, and, if anything happens to the little one, why you has him buried respectable, with a regular first-class funeral, as should be a comfort to the feelings of a decent couple of parents like you, and quite reconcile you, so to speak, to the loss of him.

*Second Rival Tout*. And if you put into our concern, mind you, the money you gets more than covers the expenses. When all's paid, you'll find you've got a tidy bit over for yourselves. You might make about two pound out of it, and that ought to console you. It does most of 'em.

*First Rival Tout*. But we don't ask no nasty questions, you know, if so happens you have to put in your claim.

*Second Rival Tout*. No. If you pays your first premium to-day, and comes next week for the burial-money, we stumps up like men, we do, and don't make no fuss.

*First Rival Tout*. I tell you what: our concern has been a real blessin' to thousands, that it has.

*Provident Male Parent* (convinced). Well, there's summat in what you chaps say, and I don't mind tryin' it on Little JEM here. (Addressing Provident Female Parent.) What do you say, Missus? JEM has been a ailin' lately, and if he means goin', I'd like to see him shoved away proper; 'specially when there's that two pound over to be got out of the job. (His "Missus" nods assent.) All right, Mate, then. I'm game. Make out the ticket.

[First Rival Tout "makes out the ticket," and Little JEM's life is forthwith insured in the "General Cosmopolitan Infants' Coffin Supply Association" as Act-drop descends.

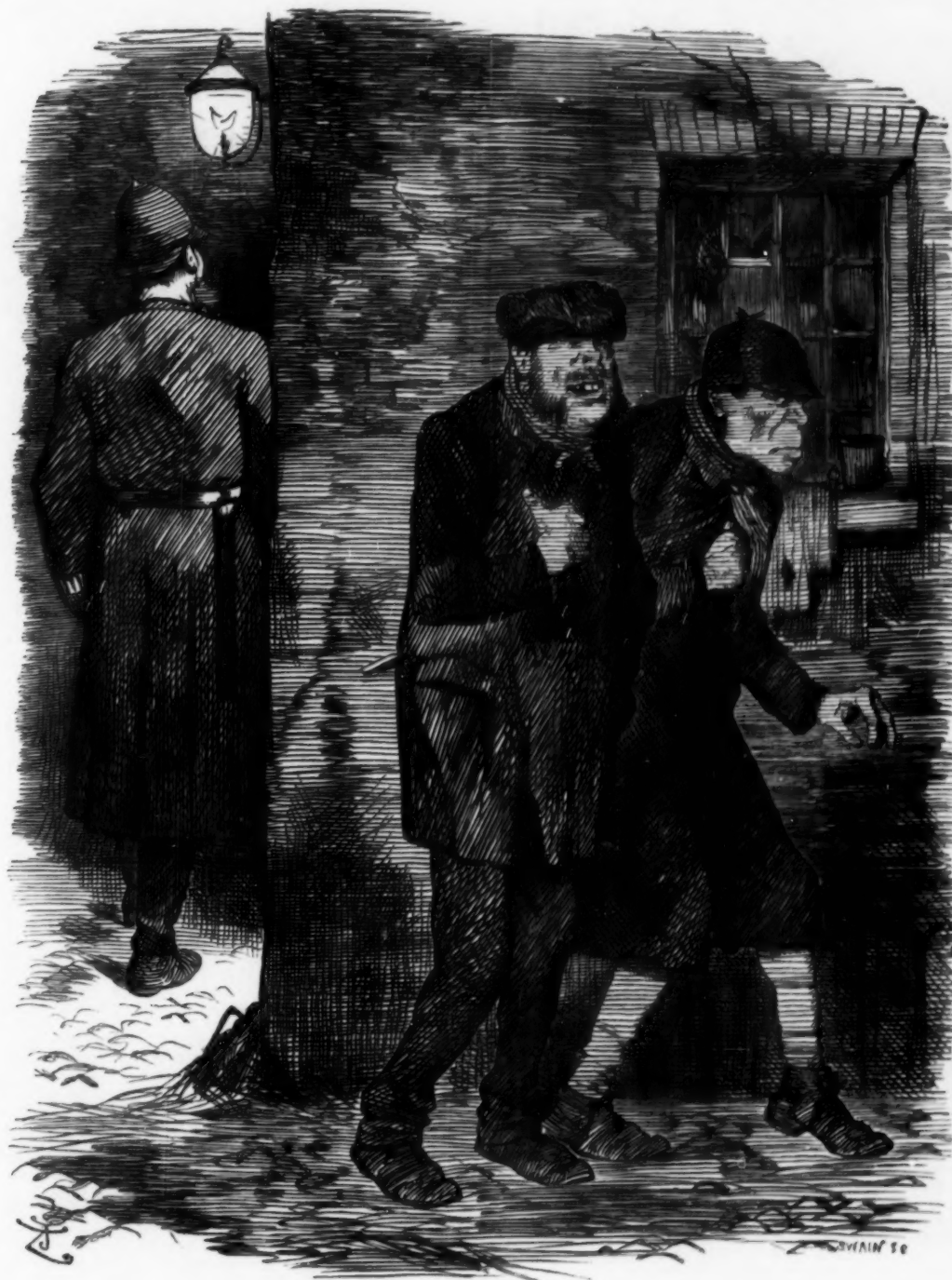
ACT II.—A Coroner's Court. An Inquest has just been held on the body of Little JEM, who has recently died under somewhat suspicious circumstances. The fact that he has for some time past been gradually sinking in an ill-ventilated back room, purposely neglected by his Provident Parents, has not come out in evidence; nor has it transpired that they have familiarised themselves with the idea of his decease, and, seeing it will not only relieve them of the cost of his maintenance, but also put some ready-money into their pockets, have come to regard it as a consummation devoutly to be desired. So it has come about that though Little JEM has been deliberately done to death by his businesslike natural protectors, the verdict has not been one of Murder, or even of Manslaughter, but of "Death from Natural causes." The Coroner, however, assuring the Jury that he will see that their recommendation, that the Government should take some steps to legislate for the protection of infant life from the baneful influence of such Societies as the "General Cosmopolitan Infants' Coffin Supply Association," shall be forwarded to the proper quarter, the Scene closes.

*Provident Male Parent* (who has received the burial-money, and is returning from the funeral, addressing his "Missus.") Well, that's done, though we ain't made quite two pound by it. Still one pound sixteen ain't bad, with little JEM out of the way, and all. (Confidentially.) I tell you what it is, Missus, I votes we take out a ticket for our SAL and lanky JOE. When times is black, it ain't half a bad resource. I'll just look up that Insurance chap again.

[Is left meditating "murder" as Curtain descends.

"A 'PLEASURE-HORSE' used to do double duty in former days," observed Mrs. RAM; "and for my part I regret that Wives no longer ride on pillories behind their Husbands."





### WHITECHAPEL, 1888.

FIRST MEMBER OF "CRIMINAL CLASS," "FINE BODY O' MEN, THE PER-LEECE!"

SECOND DITTO. "UNCOMMON FINE!—IT'S LUCKY FOR HUS AS THERE'S SECH A BLOOMIN' FEW ON 'EM!!!"

"I have to observe that the Metropolitan Police have not large reserves doing nothing and ready to meet emergencies; but every man has his duty assigned to him, and I can only strengthen the Whitechapel district by drawing men from duty in other parts of the Metropolis."—*Sir Charles Warren's Statement.* "There is one Policeman to every seven hundred persons."—*Vide Recent Statistics.*







## OUR NEW M.F.H.

*Kennel Huntsman.* "A MAN BROUGHT THIS HERE LAST NIGHT, BUT HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO MESSAGE TO SAY IF IT WERE FOR RIDIN' OR BILIN'."

*(Delight of our new M.F.H., Mr. Popple, who has given £40 for it to carry a Whip.)*

## ROBERT'S LONG WACATION.

LARST weak I told you I'd kontinuew in my nex. This is my nex and I rekummense. The nex day, it looking rayther inclined to be fine, as if the rain was beginning to get rayther ashamed of itself for doing its werry best to spile all the crops, and all surten peepel's tempers, and other peepel's best close, I perswaded my wife to go with me for a wark on the bewtifool Tems Embankment, and there we strolled about in the lovely gardins for a nouri or two, and I ventured to say, as the tooth ake was much better, that the nice looking surroundings, with the River a flowing by, reminded me of that appy day in Grinnidge Park, when I asked her to share my umbel fortunes for wheel or for wo. She was evidently pleased, and a smile lited up her ample feeters, when, as ill-luck woud have it, jest at that werry moment, down came one of them orful downpores as seems to have bin trying all this summer to beat the record, and allers succeeding.

Well, after that day's xperience, I must confess that, bewtifool as is the well kep Gardens, and the floing River, and the nice cumferal seats, the Tems Embankment is not a convenient plaice to seleck to be cort with your best Beloved, with jest the remanes of a bad tooth-ake, in a drenching storm of rain and thunder and litening, and with her best dress on. So we have not repeated that xperiment. The nex day we spent at the Great British Mewseum, and we both agreed that it seemed a great pitty that the Country was so werry pore that they couldn't afford to have the Stattys mended. There was several of the most bewtifoollest of 'em all as had either a harm, or a leg, or an and or two, broke rite off, and one of 'em had his nose nooked rite off, and, aperiently, no attemp being maid to mend any on 'em. Them as is without heds of coarse represents peepel as was beheded afore their wariou deaths, so the same fault cannot farelly be found with them. We couldn't, neether on us, at all hunderstand why so many on 'em was not allowed to dress themselves properly afore they had their stattys taken. Mrs. ROBERT ewen going so far as to say as she thort as sum on 'em, speshally the ladies, ort to have bin ashamed of themselves, let alone the chance of catching werry bad colds.

Of course it rained pretty hard before we got home; but we had not werry far to go, so we did not git so werry wet this time, fortinly. The day after was much like the day afore, so, as I couldn't go out, I purtended to be a reading, and slep a good deal of the

time; but, when night came, we went to the Theater, so as to have a nice evening's emusement, to cheer us both hup. Ah, that was a nice evening's emusement that was!

I went carefully through the wariou statements in the Noose-papers, and picked out a Play that as the *Times* said "thrilled the House;" and, as the *Advertiser* said, "would attract all playgoers;" and, as the *Daily Noose* said, "held the audience breathless." So off we went to the "Liesee'em," and there we sat for a hole hower a seeing sitch a xhibishun of disgusting orfers as we neether of us never seed afore and fondly opes as we shall never see no more. We couldn't stand no more of it, but went out in the middel of the werry wust part, feeling quite hill, and warked home a grumbling and a growling all the way at being so shamefollly deseaved by the jockular papers, and wundring how any man could have taken sitch a lot of trubbel to both look and haet more like a wild beest than a man.

However, a nice little bankwet that my partner had prepaired as a surprise, and a partickler nice glass of ot Rum and water, enabled us to sup full of hoysters insted of "full of orfers," as sumbody says, and we was abel to bannish 'em from our thorts and to sleep the sleep of the hinnercent.

ROBERT.

THE COLD WEATHER HAS SET IN!—How to warm yourself. Sit near our FURNISS, when he is giving his lecture on Portrait-painting. As suitable to a wintry entertainment, the lecture is illustrated by "Slides." In spite of being near the FURNISS, the views are not dissolving; in fact our artist has positively declared that he sees no reason for changing his views.

AN IRISH DELICACY.—The Parnellite Members are declared by a contemporary to give themselves the airs of exceptional education, and delicacy of constitution. Let them, then, be so careful of their constitution, as closely to confine the pursuit of their aims and ends to constitutional methods.

INTERESTING TO GEOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL STUDENTS.—In future, no one will be eligible for the Swiney Lectureship who has not gone through a regular course of BACON.



## REALISTIC.

*Amateur Stage Manager (in black hat). "WE'VE SETTLED IT. WE'RE GOING TO PLAY 'THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN,' AND I'VE CAST YOU FOR MELTER MOSS—YOU KNOW, THE OLD JEW. SPLENDID PART!"*

*Second Amateur (in white hat). "OH, I COULDN'T DO IT, MY BOY—I SHOULD HAVE TO WEAR A FALSE NOSE!"*

## TWO VIEWS OF BOULOGNE.

(A Page from a Diary kept at Monte Carlo Minor.)

*Monday.*—Arrived by the *Mary Beatrice*, one of the best boats of the South-Eastern Railway Company. Really delightful. Breakfast in London at 8.30, catch the 9.40 Express, and be in Boulogne in time for luncheon! Everything so fresh and foreign. Glad to see the red trousers of the soldiers; and the place itself so cheery. The Casino admirable. Capital Band. Theatre, too, very amusing. Light Opera, nicely sung. Remarkably good. Seen worse things in Paris. And then the *Chemin de fer*! Of course object to gambling, on principle; but what possible harm can there be in risking a few francs? I did, and won ten by embarking my fortunes on the *blanc*.

*Tuesday.*—Greatly disappointed. Boulogne is not at all like what it used to be. "So English, you know." Too English, in fact, and not good English either. More like bad Bayswater. The French soldiers, too, are all undersized, and the place itself desolation in its most desolate form. Hotels closed, and houses to be let or sold everywhere. The Casino has certainly deteriorated. Band small, and not particularly skilful. Theatre pitiful. Saw some dreadful piece, in five Acts, that apparently was being played by amateurs. Most feeble performance I have ever witnessed. And then the *Chemin de fer*! I repeat, I object to gambling on principle; but granted that it is *not* wrong, what possible good can there be in risking a few francs? I did, and lost twenty by embarking my fortunes on the *rouge*.

*Wednesday.*—Really Boulogne improves on acquaintance. I am not surprised that some people call it "Beautiful Boulogne," the air is certainly delightful—I think finer than Brighton or Folkestone. I know others say that the place has fallen off terribly since the establishment of the so-called gambling at the Casino. This is absolute rubbish. I can recall no prettier sight than the toy engine, with its model carriages, running round the track, with its piece of spring wire striking against

the brass bars, and stopping now at Brussels, now at Vienna—at one moment near the red, at the next close to the white. It is so simple, that even a child might play at it. So different from Monte Carlo. Everyone knows what *that* is like. There fortunes are really lost, and suicides are of common occurrence. But at Boulogne it is merely an amusing distraction. I don't pretend to play myself, but I certainly won five francs by showing a partiality to "*Londres*."

*Thursday.*—I am not at all surprised that some people call this place "Beastly Boulogne." It certainly deserves the name. The port at low tide is absolutely awful. No; if you want bracing air, go to Brighton or Folkestone. I am told that interested persons declare that Boulogne is growing, and owes much of its prosperity to the establishment of gambling at the Casino. This is absolute rubbish. I know of no more painful sight than to watch the eager faces of the players as the monotonous model train clicks with its wire against the brass rails. The time has arrived for writing plainly. The gambling is the curse of the place. Stories are heard on all sides of money squandered and lost. The mode of playing is so simple that even a poor innocent child can risk and lose as high a stake as five francs. It is so different from Monte Carlo. Everyone knows what *that* is like. There you can avoid playing if you wish, and may enjoy life at one of the loveliest watering-places in the world. But Boulogne is vastly different. A two-penny-halfpenny place, that only a few years ago was the refuge of the fraudulent bankrupt! Boulogne, indeed! And the gambling too is a hard business. It is no idle distraction. You see, day after day, men, women and children standing round the baize table losing all they have! It is a dreadful sight! A really dreadful sight! I don't pretend to play myself, but I certainly lost five-and-twenty francs by plunging blindly on "*Bruzelles*."

*Friday.*—Most amusing. Spent a day in looking about. Went up to the Mairie to see a civil marriage. Very fine affair. Carriages and carpets. The bride a good-looking young lady, and the bridegroom decidedly *distingué*. Evidently persons of good position. People lunching at the hotel also interesting. One gentleman's face I recognised. Sure I have seen him somewhere before and under pleasant circumstances. I do not think he can be a parson, and yet he would adorn a pulpit; and that reminds me,—I wonder why the clergy fight shy of the Casino. They might do much good, I think, if they visited it more frequently. Now, for instance, they might dance occasionally at a *Bal de Famille*. Quite a nice set, some people in evening dress, and one or two wearing gloves. Had heard that the riff-raff from the fast hotels congregated at these gatherings. Not at all. I don't think so. And the games of chance. Really nothing at all. Merely a pretence at baccarat. Could not hurt anyone. As for the *Chemin de fer*, well, I can only say that I have cleared thirty francs from first to last. I am thinking of taking a deck-cabin on the *Louise Dagmar* (excellent boat, always punctual) for my passage back.

*Saturday.*—Well, really it is too much! Just discovered that the bride at whose civil marriage I assisted yesterday was a scullery-maid from a local restaurant! And the gentleman of prepossessing appearance who lunched at the same table with me, and who I at a first glance took for a parson, turns out to be a *croupier*! I should not have been in the least surprised to have seen him dancing at the *Bal de Famille*, if his duties had not required his attendance elsewhere. Such a *Bal de Famille*! Fishermen dancing with fisherwomen; and on my word they seemed the "best set." The rest of the company reminded me of a dull evening at the Hall-by-the-Sea. And the gambling! People writing to the papers about Monte Carlo when Boulogne is ten times as bad! Baccarat played every night and ruining scores, hundreds! As for the *Chemin de fer*, well—I can only say that I lost three hundred francs at a single sitting! I am going home at once by that nightmare of my childhood, the all-the-way-by-sea-and-river London Boat!

## French Rosycrucians.

UNDER the exalted patronage of the Comtesse DE PARIS, the "Rose of France" has been adopted by the Royalists as their distinctive flower, and they have instituted among themselves a new Society, entitled, the "League of the Rose." An apt addition of the rose to the *fleur-de-lys*—a new alliance of lilies and roses. The "League of the Rose" may be considered the French counterpart of the British Primrose League. Revolutions, we know, are not made with rose-water; but the rose appears to have been appropriated to serve the purpose of a Legitimist reaction. By wearing it in their button-holes and displaying it on their banners, the confederates of the Rose League appear to have persuaded themselves that their prospects are *couleur-de-rose*.



## OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 18.



ON THE STUMP.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Strictly speaking, the word "Mummer" cannot be applied to an Actor, and both in the title *Mummer's Wife* and in the recent article "Mummer Worship," with which Mr. IRVING "did well," though perhaps not wisely, "to be angry," the word "Mummer" is used contemptuously of the regular professional Actor. But such application shows ignorance. "Momerie" is defined in the best French theatrical dictionary as, "*Mascarade, bouffonnerie, déguisement de gens masqués pour aller danser, jouer, se réjouir.*" And the first Mummer was Momus, the professional jester, the Merry Andrew, the Tom Fool of the Court of King Jove "in the air, Of the skies Lord Mayor." Let those whom the Mummer's cap fits, wear it, but most certainly neither Mr. IRVING nor Mr. WYNDHAM need be

hurt by anything written against Mummies and mumming. Can it be true that HENRY IRVING refused to speak at the Church Congress simply because he would have been brought in contact with Momerie in any shape? If so, it is a pity, as Momerie in his own shape at the Congress was in excellent form; and though with Momerie "Mum's the word," yet on this occasion he spoke out strongly, and did his best with "Pessimism." The Church Congress, owing to the abstinence of the leading Tragedian (his health in a glass of "Pommery," which rhymes to "Momerie!"), felt some delicacy in dealing with the subject of IRVING and the Irvingites, and so let it alone. But—aha!—a time will come!

## ODE TO THAT TOAD.

[A letter in the *Times* gave an account of a Toad found in a bed of clay, and supposed to have lived there since the Glacial period.]



"Owed to a Creditor."

Leave thee alone a bit, refrain from ranking  
Thee with the frog-shower, fish-fall, huge sea-serpent,  
And great gooseberry?

Thirty thousand years in clay? Ridiculous!  
Fie on the fudge about times prehistoric!  
You a survival faint from epochs glacial?  
*Credat Judæus!*

Bet them a bob that you are no Toad-TANNER,  
Foolish enough to practise secular fasting,  
Cramped in a clay-cleft without worms, or nourishment  
Entomological!

Man is a clayey creature, O Batrachian!  
He it is who, caved in his crass credulity,  
Lives through the ages a purblind existence—  
Toad-in-the-hole-y!

## VOCES POPULI.

AT TABLE D'HÔTE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SCENE—A long dinner-table, garnished with spiky plants languishing in their native pots. Visitors discovered consulting Wine-list, which they do with knitted brows for some minutes, and then order whiskey and soda. German Waiters get in one another's way, and quarrel in whispers. Late comers enter, either sneakingly, as if inclined to apologise to the Head-waiter, or swaggering, as if they didn't care particularly about dining, but had just looked in. Conversation is conducted in a low and decorous tone.

*The Diffident Diner (to Neighbour, politely).* Might I trouble you for the—ah—Mennu?

*The Neighbour.* Eh?

*The D. D.* Would you kindly pass the—er—(changes his mind about the pronunciation)—May-nu?

*The Neighbour (blankly).* I'm not seein' any of it aboot here.

*The D. D.* I was only asking you if you could reach the—(decides to alter it once more)—M'noo?

*The Neighbour.* Will I rax ye the huchat?

*The D. D. (meekly).* The Bill of Fare, please.

*The Old Maid (to Elderly Bachelor).* And what have you been doing to-day?

*The Elderly Bachelor.* Well, I took the train to Tay—Tay something or other—and on by coach through Glen—Glen—(gives it up)—foozle-um, to Loch—bless my soul, I shall forget my own name next!—and by the Falls of Glare? falls of Bower? (I can't remember all their confounded names!), and back by the Pass at the other end of the loch, y' know.

*The O. M.* A charming trip! I'm quite longing to do it myself! Provincial Paterfamilias (across the table, to Friend). Oh, yes, I've got all my youngsters here; they like the knocking about from coach to steamer and that. I dunno that they notice the scenery much, but (tolerantly) it does 'em no 'arm!

*A Pretty Sister (to Plain Ditto).* JENNY, don't look that way—there's that man who sat next to us at Oban, don't you remember? I don't want to have to bow to him!

*The Plain Sister.* Why, FLORRIE, I thought you rather liked him! I'm sure you talked ever so much to him that evening.

*The Pretty S.* I know; but I shouldn't have if I'd known he was going to turn up again in this ridiculous way.

*The Grumbler (who dines early when he is at home—generally on*

BLAMELESS  
Batrachian,  
whom poetic  
fancy  
Dowers with  
evil gifts  
and powers  
sinister,  
Optics of  
glance ma-  
lefic, labial  
orifice,  
Sputtering  
poison!  
Could not thy  
kindred gob-  
bemoaches  
(far less  
sensible)

chops). I give you my word I've not tasted salmon, grouse, or venison, not once all the time I've been in Scotland!

*A Stout Man (sympathetically).* Nor have I, Sir! That is—at the Skinfint Hotel they did give us what they were pleased to call a "Salmi of Grouse"; but what d'y'e think it was, Sir?—four backs as bare as my hand—and the rest of it rabbit!

*German Waiter.* Vill you dake fritte fish or whide fish?

*The Grumbler.* Oh, whichever you like! (To the Stout Man.) They put it down as "Whiting," and "Fillet of Sole," and all that—but it's never anything but fried 'adcock all the time!

*The Stout Man.* I'll tell you a thing that happened to me at the Haggisburgh Hotel—I asked for some marmalade at breakfast, and you'll never guess what they brought me—treacle, Sir—as I'm a living man, they brought me treacle! [And so on ad lib.]

*The Gushing Visitor.* What charming Menus—with pictures on them, too! And see, what's printed on the top: "A Gift to the Guest." I do call that so nice of them, GEORGE, don't you?

*George.* I do indeed, my dear. I should feel uneasy at profiting by such reckless and almost oriental hospitality, if I was not reassured by observing an advertisement of somebody's beef-tea on the back.

*The Newly-Married Wife (to Husband).* JACK!

*Jack.* Well?

*N. M. W.* Wasn't it idiotic of me to go and leave my umbrella behind like that?

*Jack (tenderly).* Not a bit.

*N. M. W. JACK,* I won't have you saying I'm not idiotic when I know I was. Now say I was idiotic, like a good boy.

*Jack.* Shan't!

*The N. M. W.* Then you shan't have any melted butter till you do! [Dispute lasts throughout meal, and is in danger of culminating in a serious misunderstanding, until JACK finally admits, in a very handsome manner, that perhaps she had acted rather idiotically.]

*An Impressionable Tourist (to himself).* What a lovely girl that is next to me—how superior she seems to all these other people! No wonder she is so silent! I must speak to her, if only to hear her voice. I'll try it—she can but snub me. (Aloud, to Fair Neighbour.) What a wonderful view you get here of—

*Waiter (suddenly interposing with dishes).* Gudlet or Hash Muddon?

[The Divinity appears, in the business of choosing, to have forgotten that she has been addressed; the Impressionable Tourist feels that the golden moment has flown for the present, and bides his time till the sweets appear, when she opens her lips for the first time.]

*The Divinity (to her Mother, a Glasgow lady).* Mammaw, aw'm say'n—they've pit tae much sugar in th' Semolina pudd'n!

[The dream fades: Impressionable Tourist decides to spend his evening in the Billiard Room as usual.]

## PICTURE-GALLERIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

*Picture idiotarum libri sunt;* but there are idiots and idiots—the simply illiterate and the imbecile. The latter have been provided with an abundance of pictures, which, adapted to their capacities, serve them instead of books; namely, the numberless pictorial advertisements on the walls and hoardings which they can run and read. Most of these posters are calculated merely to catch the idiots' pence, but many appeal to their propensities, particularly cartoons representing scenes from revolting stories and execrable dramas. Go where they will, creatures of vile impulses and weak intellect are gratified by figures, chiefly female, falling stabbed or shot, or the victims of savage and brutal assaults and outrages, sprawling on the ground.

Is it really true that the works of High Art collected in National Galleries, and other pictorial Exhibitions of the better class, exercise an elevating influence on the minds of the people who contemplate them? Because, then it may reasonably be supposed to follow that a degrading influence is exerted by illustrations of robbery with violence, and ferocious homicide, upon beholders of the baser sort. Idiots of that description need give themselves no trouble whatever to go and see those hideous productions of the pot-boiler's paint-brush, the puffs of abominable novels and atrocious plays. The peculiar picture-galleries established to attract the multitude, stare them everywhere in the face—exhibitions on view from morning to night every day of the week, and all of them open on Sundays, when the others credited with improving the minds and cultivating the taste of the masses, are mostly closed. Supplied as the idiots are with a profusion of pictures which cannot fail to afford them diabolical suggestions, what wonder when some of them are occasioned to reduce those horrible imaginings to practice?

TO THE CITY OF LONDON (AFTER THE RECENT ACCIDENT).—"Si Monumentum requiris, circumspecte!" Free translation—"If you still want the Monument, look out!"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



# Ladies

Write for Patterns, and save 25 to 40 per cent. by purchasing direct from the Darlington Mills.

## Exquisite Dress

ALL IN THE

## LATEST FASHION

FOR LADIES, CHILDREN, AND GENTLEMEN. STRAIGHT from the WEAVER to the WEARER. Fresh from the Darlington Looms at Loom Prices.

## 1000 PATTERNS

Sent Free by Post, on Approval, to any address.

Ladies have only to see the Patterns of HAYES & CO.'S Successors' Exquisite Specialties to be convinced of their thorough value.

## Darlington

COSTUME CLOTHS and NEW SKIRTINGS, together with the celebrated

## Darlington

CROSS-WARP SERGES, Gold Medal MERINOES, and CASHMERE, ARM ALL HIGH-CLASS FABRICS, renowned for their stylish appearance, strength, money value, and hard-wearing qualities.

THE LATEST NOVELTY:—DARLINGTON ROYAL VICTORIA "AMAZON" COSTUME CLOTH, Specially Dyed and Finished for Autumn and Winter Costumes.

These Splendid Goods are Sold Direct to the Public without the intervention of Wholesale Merchants, Drapers, Agents, or Middle Men, all intermediate Profits being given to the Purchaser.

A Sixpenny Telegram to "SUCCESSORS—DARLINGTON," will bring the Box of Patterns by next Post, and all Orders are executed the same day as received.

HENRY PEASE & CO.'S SUCCESSORS buy their Wools direct from the English Farmer. After careful sorting and cleansing, the wool is spun into yarn, and the yarn woven into the various charming fabrics, for which the firm have been renowned since their establishment in 1752—the entire process of manufacture being carried on in their own Mills at Darlington, employing more than 1000 hands.

HY. PEASE & CO.'S SUCCESSORS, SHIPPERS AND MANUFACTURERS, THE MILLS, DARLINGTON. Illustrated Catalogue of 60 Pages, Post Free. ESTABLISHED 1752.

# NEAVE'S FOOD

ESTABLISHED 1835.

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

## SAMUEL BROTHERS.



SAMUEL BROTHERS, MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c., 65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S CELEBRATED BUTTER-SCOTCH. "REALLY WHOLESOME CONFECTIONERY." Lancet.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER. EPPS'S CRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

SAVAR'S CUBED CIGARETTES. Savar's Sandal Wood Oil Capsules, 4s. 6d. per Box.

Foreign Medicines & Toilet Articles & Robert's & Co. Chemists, 10, 12 & 14, Paris Street, London. Keep at their London House, 10, New Bond Street, W. all French & Foreign Medicines &c.

UMBRELLAS. SEE THIS NAME IS ON EVERY UMBRELLA FRAME YOU BUY. S. FOX & CO LIMITED PATENTEE & SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF ALL STERLING IMPROVEMENTS IN UMBRELLA FRAMES. PARACON TRADE MARKS.

SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent), which give increased Stability and greater Resilience to the Umbrella. SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S ELECTRO PLATE.

LOHSE'S (MAIGLÖCKCHEN) LILY OF THE VALLEY PERFUME. Is the most fashionable of the day, sold by all high class Perfumers. GUSTAV LOHSE, BERLIN.

HEALTH-STRENGTH VIGOUR LONG-LIFE.

Guaranteed by the use of HUNT'S FAMILY PILLS. Large numbers of people in robust health can testify to the truth of this assertion, having regulated themselves entirely by these Pills for over 50 years. One Pill will invariably relieve, and a little perseverance radically cure, either a Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Indigestion, Pains in the Back or Head, Influenza or Feverish Cold, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flatulency or Giddiness. THEY RESTORE BRIGHTNESS TO THE EYE, CLEARNESS TO THE COMPLEXION, SHARPNESS TO THE INTELLECT, AND ENERGY TO BOTH MIND AND BODY. To Ladies they are invaluable. Sold everywhere, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. Wholesale Agents, WILCOX & CO., 239, Oxford Street, London. Post-free.

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES. THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS.

In Tins, 1s., 2s., 6s. and 10s. each. SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON, AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED BY Sir Mordell Mackenzie WHOSE TESTIMONIAL IS WITH EACH BOX. THROAT IRRITATION, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS. OF ALL CHEMISTS AT 1/6 PER DOZ OR FOR 12 STAMPS FROM 10, DYERS BUILDING, HOLBORN, E.C.

COLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

KINAHAN'S "THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKY" PURE, MILD, AND MELLOW. DELICIOUS AND MOST WHOLESOME. THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1860. 20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

BURGOYNE'S Australian WINES. TINTARA, BRANXTON BURGUNDY, HIGHERCOMBE.

J. EXSHAW & CO'S FINEST OLD BRANDY. T. W. SEATON & CO., 80, REGENT STREET, W.

FLOR DE JAVA MILD INDIAN CIGARS. An exquisitely choice flavor and delicate aroma. 25s., 50s., and 10s. per Box of 100, Post Free. Samples, 4 and 6 for 1s. (16 stamps). BEWLEY & CO., 49, Strand, and 148, Chapside. (Agents for Great Britain.)

LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c. For HOTELS, MANSIONS, &c. DINING AND INVALID LIFTS. CLARK, BUNNETT, & CO., Ltd., BATHURST PLACE, W.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE. In consequence of Imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea & Perrins beg to draw attention to the fact that each bottle of the Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE bears their signature, thus—

Sole Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester, Lea & Perrins, London, and Export Offices generally. Retail by Dealers in Bottles throughout the World.

TUBES.—For Gas, Steam, Water, Hydraulic, and Heating Purposes. Galvanized or White Enamel inside. In stock in 6 in. diameter. Cocks, Valves, &c. Jean Francis, Globe Tube Works, Wednesbury; and 14, Gt. St. Thomas Apostle, London.

HOWARD BEDFORD HARROWS. PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT The Perfection of Tobacco.

PETER F. HEERING'S COPENHAGEN GOLD MEDAL CHERRY BRANDY. ESTABLISHED 1819.

The GOLD MEDAL  
of the  
International Health  
Exhibition, London,  
has been awarded for  
this Food;  
and it is recommended  
by the LANCET  
and the  
entire Medical Press.



EXTRACT from PRIVATE  
LETTER.—"The infant was very  
delicate. Our medical adviser  
ordered your Food. The result is  
a short time was wonderful; the  
little fellow grew strong and fat,  
and is now in a thriving condition.  
—in fact, the fower of the fact."  
BENGER'S FOOD is sold in Tins,  
1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s., by  
Chemists, &c., everywhere, or by  
Parcels Post (Postage Free) from  
MOTTENSHED & CO.  
(In Pairs & F. R. Success),  
7, Exchange St., MANCHESTER.

"Salt Regal is a grateful cup at all times.  
Refreshing — Agreeable — Recuperative —  
Health-giving — Health-preserving — Quite  
distinct from all other Salts and Saline  
Preparations. An entirely New Saline."

Protected by E.M.  
Royal  
Letters Patent.



Over Fifty Patents,  
Registrations, and  
Trade Marks.

## SALT REGAL

Instantly destroys impurities in the  
system, and fortifies the body against  
the attacks of disease.

SALT REGAL is not a copy of or an imitation of any previously  
existing saline preparation, or salt, but an entirely new inven-  
tion, in which principles hitherto unknown to science have been  
applied in the formation of a perfect saline. SALT REGAL will  
cleanse the Mouth, Throat, and Stomach at one operation,  
dispersing like a charm, and speedily eradicating  
Flatulence, Feverishness, Acidity, and all kindred troubles,  
imparting to the system a vigorous tone of exhilaration. No  
depressing influences attend its use. SALT REGAL changes to a  
Rose colour during effervescence, and develops an antiseptic,  
thus rendering a delicate individuality. Messrs. FRITZ & CO.  
will pay any sum for satisfactory evidence of infringement of  
either their Patents or Trade Marks. SALT REGAL is not only  
a delightful drink for the hot weather, but for all seasons, all  
climates, all the year round. In bottles hermetically sealed.  
No. 64, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the  
World. Patented and Sole Proprietors:

FRITZ & CO.,

SALT REGAL WORKS, FLEET STREET, LIVERPOOL.

## Allen & Hanburys' A Castor Oil

Tasteless. Pure. Active.  
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/4.

PIPE-CLAY SUPERSEDED.

## PICKERING'S BLANCO.



For whitening all articles of Buff or  
Buckskin Leather, such as Military  
Equipments, White Helmets, Gloves,  
Cricket and Tennis Shoes, Tennis  
Balls, Hunting-Thongs, Whips, and  
a multitude of similar articles.  
Removes stains and discolorations,  
and secures evenness  
of colour, and a soft,  
silky surface of glossy  
satin-like appearance.  
Much better and  
more convenient  
than pipe-clay, as  
there is no trouble  
of preparation, and it is much cheaper in the end.

BLANCO is put up in cup-shaped blocks (registered  
designs), and with the specially made non-corrosive zinc  
box. It will be found the handiest article for the purposes  
named. Sold at Canteens, also by Ironmongers, Sadd-  
lers, Brushmakers, &c. Packed in non corrosive zinc  
Boxes, 6d. each; blocks to re-fill, 1d. each.

Manufacturers,  
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.  
London Office:—ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

# Pears' Soap



"THE SHAVEN'S DELIGHT."

12 MONTHS' LUXURY FOR 12 PENCE. (A Shilling Shaving Stick lasts a Year.)

# CADBURY'S ABSOLUTELY PURE COCOA